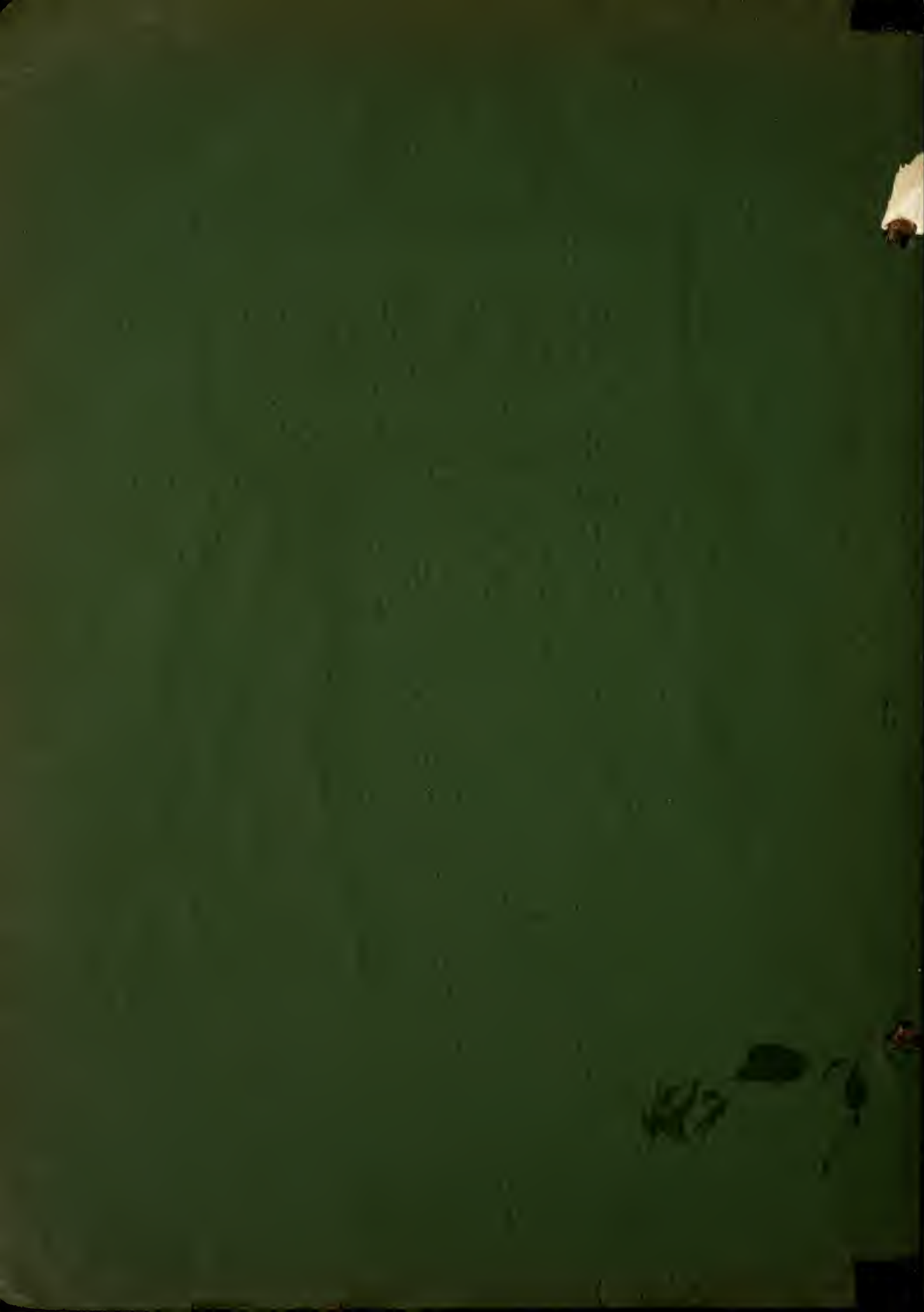


NOCATULA

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Junior Class

CLASS OFFICERS

President—Charlie D. Mehaffey

Vice President—Sam Adkins

Secretary and Treasurer—Ruby Hart

Representative to Student Council—Gussie Rose Riddle and Mary Ella Swanay

Sergeant-at-Arms—Herman Rogerson



EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief.....John Earl Sims
 Associate Editor Helen McCay

ASSISTANTS

Mildred Armstrong	Helen Lee
Bill Harrill	Neal Ensminger
Winthrop Stivers	Sam Adkins
Elbert L. Wilson	Marion Pryor
Earl Henry	Ruby Hart
Grace Taylor	Lillie Cannon
Gussie Rose Riddle	Holbart Wright

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 1930

A PROPHECY

Fifty Years Afterwards

"Do slow down, Jim! The old rheumatics have got me again today and I can't make it as fast as you do with those long strides of yours. Of all days—our golden wedding day! But such is life and I'll forget it. Let's be happy. Fifty years—think of it—look what they've done to poor old Gus Riddle. Rheumatics—wrinkles—old age. Jimmy, darling, the old girl's not what she used to be, but you—you haven't changed a bit. We're dignified, perhaps, but still that same manly, vigorous, over-grown boy who gave me his heart in days gone by. How did you ever think of coming here to celebrate!—Coming back to the dear old Alma Mater! Remember that arch? That's where you first told me Jimmy—but I've been getting romantic. Nineteen fourteen, let me see—sixty-eight years ago. That was even before we were here. Remember the old gang that used to hang around the arch? It used to be a regular smoke-house! I can almost see Jimmie Wilson and Eb and Lackey and Frank. How times change!"

"Come on, Gus, my dear. Take my arm and I'll get you up the steps. Sure it's hard on an old lady, but you can make it. Easy does it! Easy does it! Just one more—now we're up. Feels like home again, but look!—It doesn't look like home. What's happened to the auditorium? Has it shrunk?—Or am I 'seeing little?'"

"No, Jim, It's only that our ideas have grown and things seem different. Shut your eyes and look and listen. Hear the bell? Can't you just see the old gang coming out of chapel? Think how we used to wonder what would become of them, and think what has become of them! There comes Charlie in front of them all as usual. Oh, by the way, Jim, we must go see him. He's living in Bishop Cook's old home, a retired bishop himself. (Wonder if I can get up the hill though!) I see Ollie Mae—with him, of course; she's been with him now for 50 years!"

"And there's my old room mate, Stivers, with his foghorn—must have played in chapel. Where do you suppose the old boy is now? There's Sam waiting for Vivian. He was always waiting—even had to wait at the wedding, I've heard. But he got her. He was lucky, too, for she's had a marvelous career and has made millions with her violin cello, he never did a thing! I even see you and me, Gus—but we've dreamed long enough. Let's go see

places. Here we are at the fountain and—did I ever!—it's the same old fountain with the same old initials. 'P. C.'—Pee Wee Crowder, the world's foremost physical culturist who expired in a hand-to-hand combat with Sadie Lacey. 'E. H.' and 'S. B. F.' in a heart!—And to think that Sara Bell killed herself because of Earl Henry's indifference. 'Jo-An'—poor John. Disillusioned and cynical over his failures in love, he fled to the Kongo region to search for happiness with some Zula princess. He never was heard of again and here's another, 'N. E.'—who was that? Neal Ensminger—what happened to Neal, Honey Gus?"

"I remember. He's the fellow who flew up to Mars to debate the War God on the disarmament question."

"Was he successful, Gus?"

"Nobody ever knew what happened."

"What's the matter darling? You look disturbed. Oh—'E. L. W.'—Elbert L. Wilson. But honey, it wasn't your fault that he took poison when you accepted me. Let's leave this Fountain of Tragedies—It's enough to curdle one's blood! Banfield steps always were the bore of your life, dear, but take my arm again. Remember the old society balls and the parties?"

"But, Jimmy, you're looking disturbed, yourself. Oh—I remember—those readings that Mary Lena used to give. But you couldn't have expected such a talented citizen to sacrifice her career for matrimony."

"No, of course not. Gee, we made whoopee at all the parties here. All those kids—Mary Grant, Nell Stout, Henry Butt, Charles Warren, Ruth Martin, Charlene Keys, Pistol Cameron, Vivian Lyons and Ruth Crocker singing at the piano, and Gene Rogers with his guitar and yodel. (I suppose he's a Swiss mountain climber now.) But let's go down; the place haunts me. Ye Gods! Who is that babbling down the walk? It looks like the ghost of President Robb, but—it's Windy Stivers and he's all excited. Petty days are here again!"

Jim and Gus! Just the same old kids. Where did you drop from? And listen. I have news. Do you remember little Honey and Red Brown? They've wired me to come and address their orphans—you know they founded an orphanage, Honsucker to live up to his name. Dad and Jo thought he might give the youngsters instructions in tennis—and I'll take you with me, if you'll go!"

"Say, Stivers, what part do you play around here, anyway? You seem to be the boss."

"Well, James, I got such a kick out of running the school when I was here that I decided to stay and finish the job. I'm the president. Come down to chapel and I'll show you the grandchildren of your old classmates."

"Listen, Stivers and Gus—united we stand, divided we sprawl—so let's help each other up the steps!"

"It seems funny to be on the stage and not at that pop-eyed piano."

"Stivers, old roomy, who is that distinguished young fellow in the second row? He's a perfect John Gilbert."

"His grandfather was a John Gilbert. Do I have to say more than—Ju-Jo? He's now a very wealthy southern planter. And there's the granddaughter of Helen Barnard, who has, without a doubt, inherited all of her famous scientist-grandmother's chemical knowledge. And Slim Rogerson, that noted diplomat, even

proved loyal by sending his grandniece. Oh, our students have been true, all right! Here are the teachers. The years make a difference, but the trustees are kind and we are still together. Those two old patriarchs coming in now are Miss Prior and Dean Harrell. And there is Rilter Homer Matron. She's totally deaf and practically blind, but Helen Lee never would give up. That sweet old lady in the corner is the Senior class sponsor, little Miss Armstrong, who has taken the place of the 'Nona' you used to know. Now I'll get up and introduce you. (Oh, my back!) My children, you know that friends of this university are always welcome and today two of our very oldest friends honor us on a very unique occasion—their golden wedding anniversary. Fifty-one years ago these two were students here like you. Let me introduce their Excellencies, President and Mrs. James Cultz, President and First Lady of the United States of America!"

JUNIORS IN ATHLETICS

1929-30

It can be truthfully said that the Junior class of Wesleyan did more than their share in furnishing the material that gave Coach Haynes the successful year that he has had; both in football and basketball.

Coach Haynes had few letter men in football to form even a semblance of a team for the past season.

Coach asked our support. Look us over, and see if we gave it to him.

There were Vic Halback, quarterback, and Eb Wilson, halfback. These two stars gained a merited reputation in the back field.

Other varsity men were: Powell, Toxie, Murphey and Culvahouse in the backfield, and Pyle, tackle; Nardo, guard; Wright and Sims at ends, and Sexton at tackle.

When basketball season arrived, only one letter man appeared with it. Coach again appealed to us for help. We answered the call with these men: Wasson and Mullins at guard; Pyle at center; and Wright at forward. If you have seen these men at work on the hardwood floor, you will know we have reason for "handing ourselves flowers".

Out of the nine players on the girls' team, six were placed from the Junior class. These were: Foster, Finnill, Crowder, Swaney, Holbrook and Fritts.

When you have glanced over the names of these girls, think of each one individually. When you have done this, then you have discovered the secret of Coach Templeton's successful season in basketball.

"IT SEEMS TO ME"

Neal Ensminger

That Wesleyan surely is for the 18th Amendment. Even the fountain at Banfield is bone dry!

That nothing is as bad as it appears to be; if it were, Frank Kokely would be a Jesse James.

That we need a landscape gardener; look what Ray Whaley did to the campus at Bennett.

That it is a wonder Prof. Douglas is on our faculty; how did he manage to ever leave Kansas?

That posted signs and placards do not mean a thing; one in the library says "Silence".

That students do not break social rules: we only violate restrictions.

That school spirit must be a wonderful thing from what we hear of it. Let's hope we find it.

That our students could appreciate the Heavenly Chimes; we surely love bells.

That some of our students should be world famous; they would if the world knew as much about them as they know about themselves.

That the Student Council is a mysterious thing; it meets so often and has so many secrets.

That a cover should be placed above the base of the flag pole; then we could love in the shade.

That benches should be placed around on the campus; the steps at the arch would be passable then.

That there is something beautiful about everything; listen at the voices of the glee club.

That some heads on the campus could not hold all they know, well in fact they are swelling.

“JUNIOR CLASS HOROSCOPE”

MATTIE ADAMS
Benton, Tenn.

Honor: K. L. S.
Has Been: A good student.
Wants to Be: A school teacher.
Will Be: A blushing bride.

SAMUEL ADKINS—“Sam”
Knoxville, Tenn.

Honors: P. L. S.; President of Y. M. C. A.;
Debating Club; Glee Club; Wesleyan
Brotherhood; Vice-president of Junior
Class.
Has Been: A puff of wind.
Wants to Be: A millionaire.
Will Be: The ice man.

FRANCES BLAIR—“Fannie”
Cleveland, Tenn.

Honors: S. L. S.; Gamma Gamma.
Has Been: A “Flasher”.
Wants to Be: A movie star.
Will Be: An office girl.

HELEN BARNARD
Kingston, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.; President of Alpha Gamma;
Y. W. C. A.
Has Been: Most studious girl.
Wants to Be: A school teacher.
Will Be: A farmer's wife.

MAMIE BRYSON—“Flaming”
Cleveland, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.
Has Been: Somebody's sweetheart.
Wants to Be: A Florida housewife.
Will Be: A lonesome old maid.

GRACE BARKER
Haleyville, Ala.

Honors: K. L. S.; Service Club; Y. W. C. A.
Has Been: Modest school girl.
Wants to Be: A school teacher.
Will Be: A good house-keeper.

WILLIAM BATES—“Billie”
Charleston, Tenn.

Honors: A. L. S.
Has Been: A bad boy.
Wants to Be: A comedian.
Will Be: A good husband.

CLYDE BEARDEN—“Doc”
Haleyville, Ala.

Honor: P. L. S.
Has Been: A faithful student.
Wants to Be: A college graduate.
Will Be: A doctor.

GRACE BYRD
Knoxville, Tenn.

Honors: Member of Orchestra; K. L. S.
Has Been: Useful in all school affairs.
Wants to Be: A literary genius.
Will Be: A winner of fame.

JOE BROWN—“Brownie”
Jelico, Tenn.

Honor: A. L. S.
Has Been: A crap shooter.
Wants to Be: A radio announcer.
Will Be: Broke.

HENRY BUTT—“Gabe”
Abington, Va.

Honors: P. L. S.; Baseball Team.
Has Been: A pretty good fellow.
Wants to Be: A married man.
Will Be: A county office holder.

VIRGINIA CONNER—“Jennie”
Roanoke, Va.

Honors: K. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; P. K.; Service
Club.
Has Been: A rural maiden.
Wants to Be: A general favorite.
Will Be: A bachelor girl.

EDNA MAE CORRELL
Soddy, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.; Pi Nu Lambdas.
Has Been: The bashful one.
Wants to Be: A nurse.
Will Be: A stenographer.

MAX COSTALES—“Mac”
Kansas City, Kans.

Honor: Member of Orchestra.
Has Been: Good natured student.
Wants to Be: A chemist.
Will Be: A musician.

RUTH CROCKER
Cedar Town, Ga.

Honor: K. L. S.
Has Been: A country girl.
Wants to Be: Mrs. Jack Atha.
Will Be: Teacher of wild parrots.

JESSIE CROWDER—“Pee Wee”
Mosheim, Tenn.

Honors: A basketball star; best sport; K. L. S.;
Service Club.
Has Been: A general favorite, heavyweight.
Wants to Be: Old maid school teacher.
Will Be: A melancholy widow.

“JUNIOR CLASS HOROSCOPE”

CELIA CUMMINS

Pikeville, Tenn.

Honor: K. L. S.

Has Been: A quiet girl.

Wants to Be: A married woman.

Will Be: A college graduate.

LILLIE CANNON—“Charlie”

Knoxville, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.; Glee Club; Sigma Tau Sigma;

Assistant Librarian.

Has Been: Conspicuous.

Wants to Be: Queen of all hearts.

Will Be: Cabaret dancer.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL—“Bill”

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Honor: P. L. S.

Has Been: A bashful boy.

Wants to Be: A great scientist.

Will Be: General flunky.

FAIN CARTER—“Mose”

Moshien, Tenn.

Honor: P. L. S.

Has Been: A country lad.

Wants to Be: Woke up.

Will Be: Floor walker.

EMMA CLARK—“Em”

Mt. Zion, Ga.

Honors: Librarian; S. L. S.

Has Been: A willing worker.

Wants to Be: A land lady.

Will Be: A good wife.

ROBERT CLAYTON—“Bob”

Athens, Tenn.

Honors: Editor of Nocatula; A. L. S.; Star of Dramatic Club.

Has Been: Smartest student in school.

Wants to Be: Editor of New York Times.

Will Be: A printer's devil.

EDYTHE FINNELL

Cleveland, Tenn.

Honors: Alpha Gamma; K. L. S.

Has Been: Smart.

Wants to Be: A blushing bride.

Will Be: Disappointed.

PAULINE FARRIS—“Pauly”

Mountain City, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.; Pi Nu Lambda.

Has Been: A history shark.

Wants to Be: A good house-keeper.

Will Be: A what?

CARRIE LOU FOSTER—“Salty”

Harriman, Tenn.

Honors: S. L. S.; R. G. B.; a basketball star.

Has Been: Funny.

Wants to Be: Important.

Will Be: Mrs. Bob Delaney.

SARAH BELLE FRITTS—“Fritzzy”

South Harriman, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.; R. G. B.; Glee Club.

Has Been: Love sick.

Wants to Be: Mrs. Earl Henry.

Will Be: Broken hearted.

MARY ELLA GARRISON

Niota, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.

Has Been: A brilliant student.

Wants to Be: A professional woman.

Will Be: A typist.

BLANCHE GASS

Sunbright, Tenn.

Honors: S. L. S.

Has Been: Teacher's pet.

Wants to Be: A traveler.

Will Be: School teacher.

REUBEN GODSEY

Decatur, Tenn.

Honors: A. L. S.

Has Been: Good as gold.

Wants to Be: Let alone.

Will Be: A hermit.

MARY JEWETT GRANT—“Jewett”

Rockwood, Tenn.

Honors: R. G. B.; S. L. S.; Glee Club.

Has Been: The town “belle”.

Wants to Be: A famous singer.

Will Be: Jane's and Salty's room mate.

GRACE GREEN

Ronda, N. C.

Honors: K. L. S.; Member of Debating Team;

Y. W. C. A.; Pi Nu Lambda.

Has Been: A mountain queen.

Wants to Be: Famous.

Will Be: School teacher.

ELIZABETH GREGORY—“Lib”

Decatur, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.

Has Been: The teacher's pride.

Wants to Be: Dean of women.

Will Be: Housekeeper.

WILLIAM HAIRRELL—“Bill”

Athens, Tenn.

Honors: A. L. S.; Nocatula Staff.

Has Been: Popular.

Wants to Be: A sheik.

Will Be: Left out.

AMY HALE

Benton, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.; Glee Club.

Has Been: The sleepy one.

Wants to Be: A famous singer.

Will Be: A book keeper.

“JUNIOR CLASS HOROSCOPE”

HELEN McCAY

Copperhill, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.; Assistant Editor of Nocatula;
Gamma Gamma.

Has Been: Useful as well as ornamental.

Wants to Be: Well educated.

Will Be: A cook.

MYRTLE McMAHAN

Niota, Tenn.

Honor: K. L. S.

Has Been: Worth while girl.

Wants to Be: Tourist.

Will Be: Success in anything.

RUTH MARTIN

Johnson City, Tenn.

Honor: K. L. S.

Has Been: In love.

Wants to Be: Married.

Will Be: An artist.

FAYE MAUNEY

Kings Mountain, N. C.

Honors: K. L. S.; Alpha Gamma; Y. W. C. A.;
Debating Club.

Has Been: A mountain maid.

Wants to Be: Missionary.

Will Be: “Follies” girl.

EDNA MAUNEY

Fairmount, Ga.

Honor: S. L. S.

Has Been: Nice.

Wants to Be: Music teacher.

Will Be: House-keeper.

RAY MAUNEY

Fairmount, Ga.

Honor: A. L. S.

Has Been: Bashful.

Wants to Be: Well dressed.

Will Be: A loafer.

CHARLIE D. MEHAFFEY

Maggie, N. C.

Honors: President of Wesleyan Brotherhood;
President of Junior Class; P. L. S.;

Y. M. C. A.

Has Been: Egotistical.

Wants to Be: “Bishop”.

Will Be: “Hobo”.

MAUDE NELSON—“Show Pony”

Phia, Pa.

Honors: ? Club.

Has Been: Changeable.

Wants to Be: A woman.

Will Be: A chorus girl.

ELIZABETH MILLARD

Athens, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.; Debating Club.

Has Been: Agreeable.

Wants to Be: Poet.

Will Be: Kress clerk.

LORENE MILLER

Athens, Tenn.

Honor: S. L. S.

Has Been: So So.

Wants to Be: Teacher.

Will Be: Movie star.

ANNA NORMAN—“Ann”

Clarkrange, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.

Has Been: Pretty.

Wants to Be: Somebody’s cook.

Will Be: Trained Nurse.

ESTELL MULLINS—“Moon”

Decatur, Tenn.

Honors: A. L. S.; Basketball.

Has Been: An athlete.

Wants to Be: World famous ball player.

Will Be: Book agent.

EUGENE ROBERTS—“Pete”

Decatur, Tenn.

Honors: A. L. S.

Has Been: Wild.

Wants to Be: “Papa”.

Will Be: Nothing.

NORA MAE RUCKER

Etowah, Tenn.

Honor: K. L. S.

Has Been: Silent little lady.

Wants to Be: “Mooney” bride.

Will Be: Dish Washer.

HERMAN ROGERSON—“Slim”

Williamton, N. C.

Honor: P. L. S.

Has Been: Tall.

Wants to Be: Heavyweight.

Will Be: A bachelor.

EDITH ROGERS

Etowah, Tenn.

Honor: S. L. S.

Has Been: Grumbly.

Wants to Be: Society dame.

Will Be: Surprised.

VIOLET PLANK

Athens, Tenn.

Honor: K. L. S.

Has Been: A modest school girl.

Wants to Be: A good house-keeper.

Will Be: Mrs. Tysinger.

"JUNIOR CLASS HOROSCOPE"

JULIA POSTON
Elmwood, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.; Alpha Gamma; Y. W. C. A.
Has Been: Cranky.
Wants to Be: Noticed.
Will Be: Somebody's sweetheart.

MARION PRIOR
Clearwater, Fla.

Honors: Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.; K. L. S.
Has Been: Contrary.
Wants to Be: A Language teacher.
Will Be: Mistaken.

DOYLE PATTON
Dayton, Tenn.

Honor: A. L. S.
Has Been: Fat.
Wants to Be: Football player.
Will Be: "Little."

EDNA ROGERS
Loudon, Tenn.

Honor: K. L. S.; Sigma Tau Sigma.
Has Been: A bright freshman.
Wants to Be: Loved by Deloss.
Will Be: Shocked.

GUSSIE ROSE RIDDLE
Athens, Tenn.

Honors: Manager of basketball team; Representative to Student Council; Glee Club.
Has Been: A run-about.
Wants to Be: Well treated.
Will Be: A chaperon.

JOHN E. SIMS—"Jo-An"
Athens, Tenn.

Honors: Editor of Nocatula; Vice President of A. L. S.; Pi Phi Pi.
Has Been: Heart Breaker.
Wants to Be: Helen's guardian.
Will Be: A country squire.

LINNIE SIMS
Sevierville, Tenn.

Honor: K. L. S.
Has Been: Good sport.
Wants to Be: A movie star.
Will Be: Ticket seller.

EBERT SIMPSON
Etowah, Tenn.

Honor: A. L. S.
Has Been: Sneaking.
Wants to Be: Ladies' man.
Will Be: What?

OLLIE MAE SMITH
Rose Hill, Va.

Honor: K. L. S.; Debating Team; Y. W. C. A.; Wesleyan Service Club.
Has Been: Ambitious.
Wants to Be: A school teacher.
Will Be: Mrs.?

WILMA STEWART
Wadley, Ala.

Honor: K. L. S.; Pi Nu Lambda.
Has Been: Good kid.
Wants to Be: A celebrity.
Will Be: A bookkeeper.

NELL STILL
Cleveland, Tenn.

Honor: P. L. S.; Orchestra.
Has Been: Band director.
Will Be: Loafer.

WINTHROP STIVERS—"Windy"
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Honor: P. L. S.; Orchestra; Nocatula Staff.
Has Been: Unsettled.
Wants to Be: Band director.
Will Be: A loafer.

NELL STOUT
Englewood, Tenn.

Honors: Alpha Gamma; K. L. S.
Has Been: Queer.
Wants to Be: Mrs. R. W. B.
Will Be: An old Maid.

MARY ELLA SWANAY—"Swaback"
Greeneback, Tenn.

Honor: Representative to Student Council; K. L. S.; Student Volunteer; Vice President Alpha Gamma.
Has Been: Biggest tomboy.
Wants to Be: Aviatrix.
Will Be: Can't tell what.

GRACE TAYLOR—"Graceful"
Calhoun, Tenn.

Honor: ? Club; Glee Club.
Has Been: Everywhere.
Wants to Be: Every boy's crush.
Will Be: Heart broken.

LUCY THOMAS
Englewood, Tenn.

Honor: K. L. S.
Has Been: Jolly student.
Wants to Be: President's wife.
Will Be: Always happy.

CATHERINE THOMPSON—"Cat"
Athens, Tenn.

Honor: S. L. S.
Has Been: "Hazy."
Wants to Be: Milliner.
Will Be: A bachelor girl.

CLARA TODD
Clarkrange, Tenn.

Honor: K. L. D.; Y. W. C. A.
Has Been: Bashful.
Wants to Be: Famous.
Will Be: Graduate of T. W. C.

"JUNIOR CLASS HOROSCOPE"

GERALDINE TROWBRIDGE—"Jerry"
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Honor: K. L. S.
Has Been: Everything.
Wants to Be: An actress.
Will Be: Undecided.

NAOMI TAYLOR
Oakdale, Tenn.

Honors: Alpha Gamma; K. L. S.; Glee Club.
Has Been: Petted.
Wants to Be: Pleased.
Will Be: Old maid.

LUCILE WRIGHT
Maryville, Tenn.

Honor: S. L. S.
Has Been: A country belle.
Wants to Be: An artist.
Will Be: A tourist.

RAY WHALEY
Sevierville, Tenn.

Honor: P. L. S.
Has Been: Funny.
Wants to Be: Mechanic.
Will Be: Clown.

ASHLEY WILLIAMS
Sevierville, Tenn.

Honor: P. L. S.
Has Been: Dancer.
Wants to Be: Book agent.
Will Be: Dentist.

HOLBERT E. WRIGHT
Boaz, Ala.

Honors: Basketball Star; P. L. S.
Has Been: Campus shiek.
Wants to Be: Coach.
Will Be: Freak.

MARY SAM WISE—"Sam"
Knoxville, Tenn.

Honors: Alpha Gamma; K. L. S.
Has Been: Misunderstood.
Wants to Be: Campus vamp.
Will Be: A farmer's wife.

ELBERT E. WILLSON—"Eb"
Athens, Tenn.

Honor: Football player; A. L. S.; S. O. T.
Has Been: Lazy.
Wants to Be: Beau Brummel.
Will Be: A missionary?

CHARLES WARREN—"Worm"
Abingdon, Va.

Honor: P. L. S.
Has Been: A capable student.
Wants to Be: A husband.
Will Be: Ruth's delight.

CONDON WASSON—"Slim"
Spring City, Tenn.

Honor: P. L. S.; Basketball Star.
Has Been: Rural sheik.
Wants to Be: Ideal of campus.
Will Be: Left out.

JAMES B. WILSON
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Honor: P. L. S.
Has Been: Sleepy.
Wants to Be: Preacher.
Will Be: School director.

JAMES C. WILSON
Atlanta, Ga.

Honor: A. L. S.
Has Been: Half pint.
Wants to Be: Drunk.
Will Be: Locked up.

NEAL ENSMINGER—"Radical"
Athens, Tenn.

Honors: Leader of Men's Debating Team; A. L. S.; Vice President of Y. M. C. A.; Class Orator.
Has Been: Loud speaker of class.
Wants to Be: A famous orator.
Will Be: "The man of the hour."

RUBY JANE HART—"Jane"
Elizabethton, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S.; Alpha Gamma; Glee Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Junior Class.
Has Been: A lot of trouble.
Wants to Be: Jack's favorite.
Will Be: An ideal housewife.

CARSON PYLE

South Harriman, Tenn.

Has Been: A go lucky fellow.
Wants to Be: Looked up to.
Will Be: Over looked.

MILDRED ARMSTRONG
Athens, Tenn.

Honor: K. L. S.; Member of Orchestra; Nocate Staff.
Has Been: A willing worker.
Wants to Be: A psychological research expert.
Will Be: A blushing cook.

GLADYS SUE NEWMAN—"Toots"
Cleveland, Tenn.

Honors: K. L. S. Alpha Gamma.
Has Been: "Quiet."
Wants to Be: A teacher.
Will be: A saleslady.

"JUNIOR CLASS HOROSCOPE"

EDITH HUTCHINS

Benton, Tenn.

Has Been: Go-getter.
Wants to Be: Led to the altar.
Will Be: Led to the altar.

HANNAH SCOTT

Etowah, Tenn.

Has Been: A teacher.
Wants to Be: Well educated.
Will Be: Well educated.

GERTRUDE MC KENNY

Jacksonville, Fla.

Has Been: The girl of his dreams.
Wants to Be: Verified.
Will Be: The same.

BLANCHE ROMINE

Sweetwater, Tenn.

Has Been: Awf'ly sweet.
Wants to Be: Growed up!
Will Be: Some day!

AZALEA FARNSWORTH

Sweetwater, Tenn.

Has Been: A history expert.
Wants to Be: A magician.
Will Be: That.

NELLIE ERWIN

La Follet, Tenn.

Honors: S. L. S.
Has Been: Sassy.
Wants to Be: Mrs. Jimmie?
Will Be: A French teacher.

IRENE JACKSON

Tyneer, Tenn.

Honor: S. L. S.
Has Been: Pleasant.
Wants to Be: Mrs. —
Will Be: A saleslady.

MAC RAY—"Mac"

Newport, Tenn.

Honor: A. L. S.; Football and Basketball manager; Pi Phi Pi.
Has Been: A crum.
Wants to Be: A Cleveland citizen.
Will Be: A tramp.

IRA REED—"Slim"

Riceville, Tenn.

Honor: Fattest boy in school; A. L. S.
Has Been: Good natured.
Wants to Be: A tight rope walker.
Will Be: A movie actor.

THE JUNIOR LOCOMOTIVE

We, the largest and most powerful class, have taken as a symbol of our power, the locomotive. Let the dignified Seniors have their parlor car. Let the Freshmen and Sophomores be the rails (we hate to run over them, but we must).

We owe the power of this locomotive, let-us call it "The Cooperation", to a vast number of active parts.

Our engineer, big boss, and president is, of course, none other than Mr. Charlie D. Mehaffey. He has guided us on a straight course and we have succeeded in every undertaking.

Our shining headlight, Helen McCay, lights our way through the darkest hours. Our fireman, Sam Adkins, keeps the steam up and the hot air circulating. If it were not for our boiler, Pee Wee Crowder, Sam wouldn't have to work so hard.

Our whistle, Mildred Holbrook, instead of

giving a decent warning like all good whistles should, sounds like a wild goose, at times.

When our throttle, Neal Ensminger, is wide open, we pass anything on the road.

Our two cylinders, Ira Reed and Doyle Patten, are bigger and better than ever.

No wonder we have made so much progress, look who we have for drive wheels: Lillie Cannon and Bill Harrill, Max Hester and Grace James, Ollie Mae Smith and Robert Clayton, Sarah Belle Fritze and Earl Henry. Edna Rogers is our brake, through her we slow down for curves. Helen Bernard is our bell, assisted by the clapper, Grace Green. In Joe Brown and Mamie Bryson, we have flexible safety valves. Carson Pyle is our smoke stack. We have two bumpers, Sady Lacy and Irene Jackson. Catherine Thompson is a good natured coal car. She has as her front wheels, Gus Riddle and Helen Lee; rear wheels, Grace Taylor and Ruth McAlister.

A TRIBUTE TO DEAN MILLER

When school life at Tennessee Wesleyan is over, and the doors of this institution have swung to behind us, it will be a great pleasure to think back on the happy days we have spent here, and to think of the friendships we have formed. We feel sure that no boy or girl will go from this college who does not feel that he or she can be a bigger, a broader, a better citizen for having come in contact with the dean of this institution. All of us have been touched by his life—so serene, so calm, so splendid, so beautiful, so uplifting. Unconsciously he has influenced some of us—perhaps all of us—to live more helpful, more consecrated lives. All unaware to him he has been wielding this influence over us. Ever since we have known him it has seemed to us that he is living a very consecrated life—a life that is in close touch with the master. Perhaps that is why he has been able to set an example that we, the freshmen of Tennessee Wesleyan are anxious to follow, and are trying in our weak way to do so. All the noble and manly virtues—truth, purity, honesty, chivalry, are wrapped up in his life. If we had to describe him in one sentence, we would say, "He is a christian gentleman."

We think of him as our friend and as such we speak of him. We realize that he is by far our superior, but he always steps down to our level and discusses questions with us as though he were one of us. He seems to understand boys and girls better than most college professors. I suspect that is why we go to him with our cares and troubles, whether serious or slight.

After a while we will be able to appreciate even more than we do now the value of his work in instilling into our minds some of his own lofty ideals. Even now we feel a great debt of gratitude to him for all he has done for us during our short stay at Wesleyan. He has done everything in his power to make of us true American men and women. Words are inadequate to express how truly grateful we are for all he has done for us, and how glad we are that we have known him. We pray that God will let him continue his good work for many years, and that other girls and boys will come under his influence and will be touched by his life as we have been—and that they may be made happy because of a sympathizing and understanding heart.

CONFESSION

The winds blew down through the pine thicket just above the house, and its mysterious whisperings seemed to have a strange effect on the little freckle-faced boy who sat beside a grim-faced old woman. A cricket chirped once, then again. He seemed to be experimenting. He succeeded, suddenly he was joined by dozens of crickets from the cornfield, and from the meadow. A few lonely frogs croaked hoarsely.

The little fellow moved nervously and turned to the woman beside him. "Gramma," he said, "I'm cold."

But the woman gave no heed; her face was set and hard, not with harshness, but rather with the hardness of one who has been forced to play life's game alone, and found it difficult. She was short but sturdily built, and her stubby hands were browned and hardened as any man's. She was past sixty, but her eyes still held a gleam of determination. The contrast was striking: An old woman who had won life's fight alone, and a nervous whip of a lad whose every whim had been a sacred command to a doting father and mother.

The wind increased slightly in force, and the soft whispering gave place to a slight

whistle that somehow came just a second before the little fellow shivered from cold. A tall pine by the side of the road that bordered the cornfield began to assume grotesque forms to timid blue eyes.

A pair of long thin arms went upward and an attempted yawn almost failed as a quivering voice said, "Gramma, I'm sleepy."

The set face remained stonelike, and the old woman did not move. She was probably reviewing the battles she had fought in life, and most of them alone.

The wind came through the pines, and now the whistle was shrill. Each one brought from the small boy an involuntary shudder. The pine now took the shape of a terrible giant, and the youngster shrank into his chair. The cloud which had been so pretty at sunset was a dreadful dragon with a tail that swept far away and disappeared behind old Cardell. The huge bullfrogs from the pond set up a howl that would rival a modern bombardment, and the little tree frogs joined in like the continuous dropping of rice on a hardwood floor.

The voice of the boy broke into a wail as at last the truth came forth: "Gramma, I'm 'fraid."—Earl Henry.

A PLAY

IN ONE HALF AN ACT

Time—When Knighthood was withering.

Scene—Ye Royale Golf Course in the front yard of King MacIntosh's castle.

Two knights are arrived at ye golf course to joust with golf clubs, and decide who is to be champion of the Royal Realm. A motley aggregation of Royalty, pages, servants, knights, foot soldiers, and booze hounds, are making merry, rooting for their favorite, waving banners, throwing coca cola bottles and sounding Ford horns.

The first knight (a favorite of the crowd), is seated on a diminutive brown mule. This knight is long, tall and thin, his legs drag the ground as he rides. He struts up and down before the crowd like a plucked pea fowl.

The second knight is strikingly the opposite. He is very short, inclined to chubbiness. He is seated on an enormous black mule whose drooping head and large, loosely flapping ears speak of extreme age. The second knight's round cherub face is wreathed in baby-like smiles as he rides up and down before the crowd.

A few minutes of this parading and they dismount, their caddies stepping forward with drivers, offering one to each.

First knight, in preparing to tee off, taunts second knight.

"Ah! Opponent! If I might call thee such! Art optimistic today?"

Second knight beams and smiles blandly in reply.

First knight to his caddie—"Varlet! Stand not like the dumb swine thou art, out with the golf balls and on with the show. I must keep a tryst at evening tide."

His caddie, quaking with fright, forms a small mound, places a ball on the top and shrinks out of the way.

First knight struts up to the ball, brandishing his club like a halo. He pirouettes about, all the while making cows eyes at the fair damsels on the side line while getting his form.

He pauses, raises his club slowly and determinedly. The crowd is silent in open mouth suspense.

Wham! He hits the ball squarely! It is a beautiful drive, three hundred yards down the turf. He steps grandly back, smirks and bows to the crowd, which applauds him loudly.

The second knight steps up and places his own ball on the mound. He proceeds to get a semblance of form. It seems, though he is so short and fat, he cannot use the driver with freedom. He finally pauses, and slowly raises his club. The crowd jeers him loudly. Wham! The white sphere rizes high in the air. The crowd almost faints. The ball gains a good altitude, then heads for the cup like a homing carrier pigeon. A hole in one!!!!

The first knight cannot believe his own eyes. He stands in a daze until his caddie slips up to him and whispers, "Fie! My Lord! Be nonchalant! Light a Murad!"—Jo-An.

CURTAIN

TO OUR PRESIDENT

James L. Robb

We liken him to a strong, dependable guide who, by knowing the road over which we are traveling, will not let us miss the finest points of interest along the way.

Sometimes the road has branched off into new and more inviting directions; roads that slope downward; that we do not have to put forth much effort to traverse.

Our guide has always, through his knowledge and experience, sensed these periods when we have faltered, and, by appealing to us, perhaps through a short chapel talk, or an occa-

sional word privately spoken, has given us new courage, new incentives, and renewed hope.

We cannot fully appreciate the good that is the ultimate result of the interest he has had in our welfare here at Wesleyan, but when he has shown us the way to the top of the hill that borders the rugged Valley of Life; and when we have parted with him there, then we may fully realize just what he has meant to us. He is a MAN in the finest sense of the word, physically, morally and mentally.

We, the Freshmen of 1930, deem it an honor to have reasons for calling this man our friend.

POETRY

The Shrine of Nocatula

Slightly swaying, whispering softly
 In the moon's fantastic glow,
 Nocatula and her lover
 Keep a tryst of long ago.

Ghostly tryst in silvery splendor,
 Redolent of mystic air,
 Furtive shadows, mocking, weaving,
 Pause, and pay them homage there.

Weird homage, reminiscent
 Of a sylvan happiness,
 Yesterday's dim echoes calling
 Phantom warriors slowly pass.

Pass as furtive shadows weaving,
 From sidereal solitude
 Lonely wraiths emerge renescent,
 Phantom wraiths with love imbued.

Proud obeisance to their Princess
 Nocatula, winsome, gay,
 Simulating wind and shadows,
 Trooping by in dim array.

Worm's Utopia

In ghoulish glee, we enter
 The Things that once had souls.
 All night and day we revel,
 As listless day unfolds
 Our gorging, greedy writhings,
 Life's cycle onward rolls.

Death

Death—what art thou—
 That men cringe at thy name—
 A lingering suffering—capped
 By a suffocating hole in the ground—
 Filled with Stygian darkness,
 And feasting worms?

No—'tis strangers think thee thus.
 I know—Thou art one ecstatic pain—
 Blissfully soothed by a feathery blackness—
 And then a bed in soft scented earth
 To make the violets bloom more lovely.

"To Samantha"

The angels lost a radiance rare,
 They gave the lustre to your hair.

Less bluer do the violets seem,
 They gave your eyes a brighter gleam.

The wild rose lets the whole world know
 It gave your cheeks their lovely glow.

Did Venus in her will construe
 To leave her daintiness to you?

Ah! Sweetheart, you were born to be
 My one desirable misery.

Life

A fragrant dawn. . . .
 A windy afternoon. . . .
 A lonely sunset,
 All too soon. . . .
 And light is gone.

FRESHMEN REVIEW

BOYS

Handsomest.....	Robert Clayton
Second Handsomest.....	Holbart Wright
Most Studious.....	Neal Ensminger
Second Most Studious.....	Robert Clayton
Most Popular.....	John Earl Sims
Second Most Popular.....	Holbart Wright
Best Dressed.....	Charlie Mehaffey
Second Best Dressed.....	Condon Wasson
Most Athletic.....	Estill Mullins
Second Most Athletic.....	Carson Pyle
Best Sport.....	William Harriell
Second Best Sport.....	John Earl Sims
Best All Round.....	John Earl Sims
Second Best All Round.....	Charlie Mehaffey
Most Conceited.....	Sam Adkin
Second Most Conceited.....	Condon Wasson
Grouchiest.....	Ebert Simpson
Second Grouchiest.....	Herman Rogerson
Biggest Sissy.....	Sam Adkin
Second Biggest Sissy.....	Eugene Roberts

GIRLS

Best Looking.....	Helen Lee
Second Best Looking.....	Mildred Armstrong
Most Studious.....	Marion Prior
Second Most Studious.....	Ollie Hooper
Most Popular.....	Gussie Rose Riddle
Second Most Popular.....	Helen McCay
Best Dressed.....	Mildred Armstrong
Second Best Dressed.....	Helen Lee
Most Athletic.....	Jessie Crowder
Second Most Athletic.....	Mildred Holbrook
Best Sport.....	Jessie Crowder
Second Best Sport.....	Gussie Rose Riddle
Best All Round.....	Gussie Rose Riddle
Second Best All Round.....	Edith Finnell
Most Conceited.....	Lillie Cannon
Second Most Conceited.....	Marion Prior
Grouchiest.....	Fay Mauney
Second Grouchiest.....	Edna Hurlbert
Biggest Tomboy.....	Mary Ella Swanay
Second Biggest Tomboy.....	Carrie Lou Foster

JOKE BOOK

CLOBERT RAYTON

One of the most popular books now being read by students, so far as I know, has never been reviewed. That is a great mistake; all important books should be reviewed, even if the reviews accomplish nothing, as they invariably do. The purpose of this "monograph" is to review in a just and credible way this book that has never been reviewed.

In format, this book is beautiful. It is a small book, with a beautiful dark red binding. However, the format is not especially important. It is rather the contents that deserve review. The contents are somewhat but not altogether denoted by the title, which is, in full, CENTURY COLLEGIATE HANDBOOK. The gentlemen responsible for this atrocity are the Monsieurs Garland Greever and Easely S. Jones. Personally, I know a number of people who are of the opinion that this world would have been finer without the works of the aforesaid men. Sufficient it is to say that we trust that they will some day be recompensed for the misery they have inflicted upon college freshmen. While the technical name of the volume is CENTURY COLLEGIATE HANDBOOK, it is rarely called by that cognomen; it is usually signified by a mere word, HANDBOOK, usually in the common phrase, "Bring your HANDBOOKS tomorrow." Some students have even reduced this to the point where they refer to the HANDBOOK as "Old Handy". Other students call the book quite something else.

We now arrive at the criticism of the book.

In plot, we find the HANDBOOK very weak. It in no sense can compare with Zane Grey's latest work, nor can it measure up to the latest novel by Vina Delmar. We contribute this fact to the weakness in plot. In the first place, this is brought about by the general incoherence of the HANDBOOK. We find no character remaining consistently in the spot-light throughout the book. In chapter one, for example, we find some unknown hunter is the leading character or hero, while in the second chapter a fountain pen (brand unknown, but we trust it is a Parker) is the protagonist. With such inconsistency, the plot is very indefinite, no doubt the result of vague and fuzzy thinking on the part of the authors. The love interest is also weak; in fact, it is practically non-existent. The nearest approach to it I can find is in the following quotation: "Have you heard of

Edzell's buying a shotgun?" The love interest is easily apparent to the sophisticate; Edzell loved his shotgun. All this makes the plot very weak, which is very detrimental to the book as a whole, as it practically ruins what would have been otherwise a beautiful work.

The characterization is also weak. The authors are particularly inept in character drawing in a few words, as is shown in this example:

"His speed was equal to a race horse."

This is very bad. One does not know even the color of the race horse, nor his temperament, or his personality. Even such minor authors as Thackery could do better than that.

But aside from all these weaknesses, the book is worthwhile for the humor it contains. The latter part (the only part I have read) is very amusing. In fact, in spots the humor is sufficient to make the reader become hysterical, not to say historical. This humor, most of it cunningly unintentional, is due likely to the author's quaint use of words and subtle sense of humor. What could be more hilarious than: "I located a hollow sound which I knew to be a door"?

The HANDBOOK is replete with such witticisms, and abounds in wise cracks. Unfortunately, however, I can find no trace of one of the newer remarks, "Believe it or not, mister, I was waiting for a street car." This omission is a regrettable one. But even at that, the book is a good one to have around in case of depression, because its hilarious contents are sure to amuse the most blasé reader.

But while the HANDBOOK is amusing, it is also dangerous. I would not be surprised if the book were not suppressed; it certainly should be. It is an illicit, radical instrument, which in cases may do more evil than a Russian bomb. An example is seen in this excerpt: "For a dime you can buy two pieces of pie, or cake and ice cream." Think of the evil that sentence may cause! By its subtle intonations and mute undertones thousands of diligent college students are exhorted to spend dimes for the gratification of sensual, carnal appetites, when they should be saving their dimes for the movies or drug store. Truly, this volume abounds in licentiousness, and should be done away with.

I am sure that all FRESHMEN agree that the HANDBOOK should be done away with.

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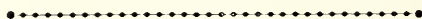
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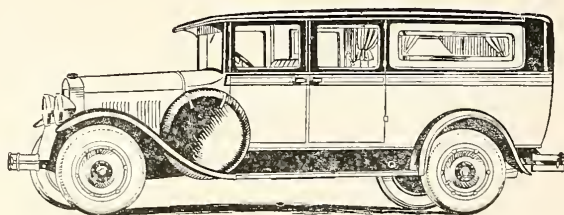
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